

Somewhat Personal.
If the reader finds much that is personal in this issue of the Chief, he will please remember that it all goes in a lifetime. From the very commencement of the Fall political campaign, a personal warfare has been kept up on an individual basis, as if we were the particular person to be put down; and now, after the election is over, it is still kept up. Our unparliamentary crime has been that we supported the Republican County ticket, to the best of our ability. In doing so, we treated the opposition candidates courteously and gentlemanly. We used harsh language against one candidate, and that was because he, in public speech, denounced the entire Republican ticket as a set of thieves and plunderers. Not another candidate on the People's ticket has any cause for complaint. Then, why is it that all the dirty missiles and stink-pots that have been hurled at us for years past, are gathered up and again flung at us? Are we in somebody's way?

For many years past, it has been a favorite diversion with some folks, about once a year, to play the Chief out; but it doesn't play worth a cent. It has lived to preach the funeral sermon of scores of fellows who undertook that labor of love, and it will live to perform the same office for all of them. The Chief is being played out again—as usual.

The thing that troubles them now, is hinted at in the last Wathena Reporter, and is more directly announced by its right bower, the Waterville Telegraph, edited by a man who went into an honorable office with bright prospects, but went out trembling and whining to secure an investigating committee that would cover up the evidences of his corruption in office, to save him from disgrace, and who, on leaving Topeka, left numerous gambling debts unsatisfied from the proceeds of his squandered property. These two papers have been echoing each other, and uniting in the chorus, in abusing the editor of the Chief. They assume that something would have been attempted, if things had gone thus and so, in order to find a pretext to try a little scheme of their own. It is about County printing. The Chief has not mentioned County printing in two years; but we have promptly done all the work in that line that has been awarded to us, at the prices fixed by law, and have faithfully carried out, to the very letter, all agreements with other publishers of the County. Then, what is the occasion of the slurs of the Reporter about County printing, and the direct assertion of the Telegraph, that Capt. Lazearle will put a quibus upon us? They are showing their hand a little too soon. It is questionable whether Capt. Lazearle has ever intimated any such purpose; but if he has, it is all the same to us. Perhaps Capt. Lazearle will discover that he is not the County Board, and will not dictate all its action. He will find that he is just one out of three, and that the other two will speak and act for themselves. When Capt. Lazearle puts that quibus upon us, we shall try to be somewhere about.

But the Telegraph threatens us with still another Lazearle—with George Lazearle. We think we have heard of him. The Telegraph says he always makes us squat. We are aware, that in almost every election, this man, George Lazearle, is hired by somebody to edit some newspaper for a few weeks, to oppose the Chief. Three years ago, he was imported to this town for that purpose, and he proclaimed that the Chief would not live more than six months. It has lived to bury two or three papers with which he has been connected since that time, and it will continue to live. We understand that he was employed to abuse the Republican County ticket, in the columns of the Reporter, this Fall, and that he is still employed upon that paper. His appearance in any paper, is almost invariably characterized by personal attacks upon the editor of the Chief. We have always endeavored to let him alone, as much as possible, in consideration of his well-known infirmity, and out of regard for the feelings of his family—some of whom, by the way, have little regard for the feelings of others. We had hoped that this course would lead him to reflect upon his habits, and to take a reasonable effort to reclaim himself, and occupy the useful position in society for which he would then be qualified. But we discover that this forbearance has been misconstrued by him and his friends, and that they imagine we stand in mortal fear of him, and dare not answer him. It is almost time they were undeceived. If it is a war of personalities that he and his friends want, now is as good a time as any to put in a few months of that kind of work. If he thinks we fear him, let him take the responsibility of his own articles, and not seek refuge behind the nominal editor of the paper he writes for. We promise him he shall have a belly full, and some over for a lunch between meals. We shall at least stop this old gag that we are afraid of somebody. We don't propose to squint to any black-leg or sot, from Waterville to the Missouri River.

LEGAL OPINION.—In response to a letter of inquiry from Gov. Osborn, Attorney-General Randolph has given a written opinion as to the legality of a session of the Legislature, the coming Winter. He unhesitatingly decides that the Constitutional Amendments recently adopted do not take effect until the session of 1877. A very sensible conclusion. We thought that the long arguments published in the Commonwealth, pretending to show that, if the amendments were adopted, they would take effect at once, were nothing but a piece of legal chicanery, for the purpose of affecting the vote; but it seems that some people were in earnest about it. A session will be held, as usual, in January; but if that Legislature does not submit additional amendments, and if the people do not ratify them next Fall, it will mix things up badly.

"THE ANNALS OF KANSAS."—A circular from the publisher, Geo. W. Martin, informs us that this invaluable book will be ready for delivery on or before Nov. 25th, inst., and will be sent to any one, postage paid, on receipt of the price, \$5.00. State Auditor Wilder, the author, is admirably fitted for the compilation and preparation of such a work, and he has gathered together and arranged in systematic order a great mass of statistics and facts concerning Kansas. The book contains 160 pages, having double the amount of reading matter contained in Sherman's Memoirs, and three times as much as the thirtieth volume Kansas Supreme Court Reports. The publisher very appropriately says that it is "a Kansas Dictionary." No Kansas man can well afford to keep house or office without this book, and we predict that it will have a large sale.

REPUBLICAN.—There were no many calls for copies of last week's Chief, containing the official tally of the County and Township elections, and extra copies were exhausted, and we fell far short of being able to supply the demand. We therefore republish them this week. In addition, we give a full list of members of the Legislature, with their post-office addresses, as far as they have been obtained.

THE REPORTER.—The Reporter has a deal to say about a pork-dealer buying a set of the Chief. The same pork-dealer bought the set picked-up, of the Reporter, three years ago, for a bag, but the purchase spoilt on his hands, and he had to close out the whole invoice as grist-lead.

More Louse-Pelts.
Hillary, the louse of the Waterville Telegraph, is still crawling. He usually fills the first page of his handsome blacksmith organ for our benefit. But he can afford to. He writes on paper stolen from the State, with pencils stolen from the State, or pens stolen from the State, dipped in ink kept in inkstands stolen from the State, and writes most of his editorials with scissors stolen from the State. He can afford to be liberal with his smear.

The ex-Governor of Kansas, and Minister to Chili, gives the true version of our \$7,000 transaction. It is entirely different from the stories of all the other liars who have written upon the interesting subject. But this version is true, for he got it from one of the men who didn't get any of the money! But he makes our share of the proceeds only \$4,500. We protest against this cutting down of our wealth. Let it remain at \$7,000. We have got used to that amount, and are satisfied with it. But the ex-Governor dares to sell an entire delegation of seven members. That is just what hurts the ex-Governor, and Minister Plenipotentiary. Having accidentally got elected to a State office, he imagined that the officers of the nigger regiment were going to run the politics of Kansas. He, a Captain of niggers, being from Doniphan County, made a sale of the entire County delegation to Sam topeka Senator, Colonel of the niggers, for United States Senator. But when it came to the delivery, they all refused to be delivered but one, and he gave a simple complimentary vote, and then went with the balance. The "old louse-skinner," "Reverend \$7,000 Shirt-tail," stepped in and grabbed up his meat. That makes the little fellow mad. You see, it deprived him of his billiard money. Now, Governor, tell something else interesting about us.

There are two things the State of Kansas has shut down upon. One is supplying her State officers with billiard and roulette money, and the other is electing men to office who chew tobacco with their front teeth.

We sincerely trust that there is nothing in the theory that the adoption of the Constitutional Amendments prohibits a session of the Legislature the coming Winter. We were about recommending that neglected her, Hillary Smallwood, the numerous Ex. for some lucrative position, and expected the Legislature to provide the position. The fact is, the little fellow must have something soon, or he is gone. It is now almost a year since he held an office, and during that time, he has had to depend upon his own resources for gambling money. This makes life monotonous. His valuable military services entitle him to some consideration. Just see how he has been neglected: As soon as he received his discharge from the nigger regiment, he began to run for office. The same Fall, he was a candidate for County Treasurer, against a man who had been left for dead on a field of battle; but he was unceremoniously bucked off the track. But at the same election, he was a candidate for the Legislature, and was defeated by the most unpopular man in the District. But this treatment of a hero brought its own punishment. For two years he abstained from running for office until the people of the District concluded that the whole State was better able to support him than they were. So they elected him Representative. They liked the relief, and he liked the office. The next year, they elected him to the Senate. Two years afterwards, he changed the programme, by running for Secretary of State. Two years later, for change, he ran for the office again. In two more years, for variety, he ran for Governor; but not getting it, he, by way of pastime, put in for State Printer. That also eluded him, when he consented to take the office of Postmaster at Waterville, but the powers that be didn't consent to appoint him. Then he consented to be published that he had been tendered the mission to Chili, but the Administration didn't take the hint. But he must have something, even if it is in the Legislature.

The election in Marshall County went Republican, except for those candidates who lived in Waterville, or were the special favorites of the Telegraph. They were all defeated. The people of Marshall County are suspicious of men who even live in the same town with the fellow who had to secure a packed investigating committee in the Legislature, in order to save him from the penitentiary. Even Mr. Lewis is probably a feasted, simply from the fact that the louse of the Telegraph was so imprudent as to mention that they had once lived in the same Township.

Poor, little, insignificant Smallwood has a hard time trying to get ahead, and is complimented by fawning, suckering and slobbering every fellow. His plan is to pick out some paper with which the Chief has at some time had a controversy, rake up the old subject, and just go for us with all the sneer at his command. Then he sends a marked copy, and expects that paper to copy it, and compliment Smallwood as a terrible fellow. He tried it on the St. Joe Herald, and that paper, in return, intimated that they didn't know him or his paper. He has tried it on others, and received more snubs than compliments. When one does occasionally notice him, it tickles the little fellow almost to death.

Hillary, the ball-puncher, admits that he is not a consistent Christian. That's strange! Everybody supposed he was a Christian of the strictest sect—Insane.

"Cap." pretends to know all about us, even to our very thoughts. But it's the nature of a louse to know what's running in one's head.

A scientific writer discusses the question, "Is man degenerating?" He certainly is not acquainted with "Mrs. Henry," of the Waterville Telegraph, or he never would have propounded the question.

Hillary says he has held his nose so long that he is sick at the stomach. No wonder, after holding such a nasty thing! Scour, fumigate and disinfest yourself—eat garlic or asafetida; jump into an outhouse vault—anything to purify yourself!

The Waterville nose-holder says he was disposed to treat us with courtesy, if we would let him be fashionable to mob him in Boston, or if he insists upon it, we'll let one as near like him as we can!

[Not stolen from the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

We have received a long printed notice of the National Protection, of New York, with a request to publish it as editorial matter, in consideration of an exchange. We are not such a stickler in this business of inserting notices and press notices as some of the papers are; but in this case, there is a barrier, which is the fact that it is stated that the paper will be under the editorial management of D. M. Garley, formerly editor of Garley's Pacific Monthly. Garley is a fraud; and he, with his Pacific Monthly, assisted in cutting our eye-teeth in the matter of advertising swindles and dead-beats. We have done our share of gratuitous advertising for him, and we don't want his paper.

The Reporter says we should write a letter, under the alias of C. S. Cobb, and try to find out what the People's party are going to do next year. There is doubtless a fine point in this, but we have not got a magnifying glass sufficiently powerful to detect it. But as, for all practical purposes, the editor of the Reporter will serve as well as a cob, perhaps he can give us the information.

The Lawrence Tribune has been revived by John Deerp. It is hardly necessary to say that it is for Reform, and opposed to corruption and stealing!

ANOTHER LEARNED EXPLANATION.—The last Reporter explains why there is so large an amount of County scrip sold, without money to pay it, and its consequent depreciation. It says there is due the County from Railroads \$12,800 taxes, which, if collected, would pay all outstanding scrip, and leave a surplus in the Treasury. This statement is made from sheer ignorance; but all the same, it is a willful falsehood; it would be all the same with the Reporter. Whether it makes a false statement knowingly or through misapprehension, the Reporter regards it as the height of manhood and courage to stick to it. The opposite course in others, it denounces as hypocrisy, or cowardice. The facts are these: The floating debt of the County consists of \$5,000 borrowed money, several thousand dollars of warrants overdrawn—that is, paid out of other funds, which must be replaced, and several thousand dollars of warrants not paid for want of funds—amounting, in all, to about \$12,800. The total deficiency of the Railroads on all taxes, for 1874-5, is a little over \$19,000. If it were all on County tax, it would about pay off the floating debt. The total per centage levied for 1874-5, was about 75 cents on the \$100 valuation. Of this amount, \$3.50, or about one-fifth of the whole, was for County purposes. The County's proportion of the delinquent Railroad tax, therefore, would be about \$2,560—just about half enough to pay the borrowed money—and would still leave over \$10,000 of floating debt. All we attempted to show, in the first place, was the necessity for good business tact in the County Board. We still hold to that opinion, and all the Reporter's flimsy attempts at explaining the financial situation of the County, only strengthen our position.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The December number of the Lady's Book, which is at hand, completes the issues for 1875. The Book is now in the 46th year of its publication, and during that long period, has steadily maintained a high position in public favor. For the new year, additional interesting features are promised. For many years, the popular features of Godey have been, splendid Engravings, reliable Colored Fashion Plates, Stories and Poems by celebrated writers, and valuable Receipts. Deeds for the Work-Table, Knitting, with colored engravings of the same, Needle, Model Cottages, Original Music, &c. These will be continued, and in addition, elegant Chromo Illustrations will be given from time to time—something which has not yet been attempted by any other Magazine. In fact, it may be truthfully said, that the popular features of all the Ladies' Magazines were first introduced by Mr. Godey into his Lady's Book. Every subscriber for 1876, who remits directly to the office of publication, will receive a copy of the elegant Premium Chromo, "The Morning Call." The terms are: One copy, one year, \$3; two copies, \$5; three copies, \$7.50. All orders, to be sent to the office of the Lady's Book, No. 101 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa. Address, L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE WATERVILLE TELEGRAPH, whose editor was lately at Topeka, casts a slur at Andior Wilder and his Reporter, and says that he may be thought of some portions of Wilder's reports, it can truthfully be said of him, that he has devoted his whole time to getting valuable statistics and information for the people of Kansas, and which promise him a substantial income, instead of putting in his spare time at the billiard and gaming table, playing himself out politically, and squandering what little property he possesses.

THE HIGHLY MORAL AND TEMPERATE editor of the Reporter, having fished an assistant editor from the slums, to assist in abusing the Republican candidates on the County ticket, magnanimously declares that he will stick to the lies that were told, if he never gets another dollar of County printing. Bravo fellow! Just do as you please about it. You may climb over wood-piles and sneak through alleys, if you want to, just to be different from the vulgar crowd, who prefer the front way.

WHEN THE EDITOR OF THE WATERVILLE TELEGRAPH, in his rage because we have provided him too hard, talks about our bleeding the County on printing, we wonder if he knows what a slap in the face he is giving his pet and imitator, of the Reporter! The Reporter's bills for County printing, in the past year, have amounted to four times as much as ours; and he charged at the same rates we did—the prices fixed by law. Don't besmear your friends, in throwing mud at us.

SOME OF OUR READERS may remember Rev. Nehemiah Green, once Lieutenant-Governor of Kansas, who last year, at the annual meeting solicitation of the people of this Congressional District, and to save the State from disgrace, ran for Congress, and received a few scattering votes. Well, the same man was candidate for the Legislature, this Fall, in Riley County, and was defeated. It would seem that Nehemiah's political course was about run. He had better get religion, and stick to preaching.

WHEN THE PICKED-UP EDITOR OF THE REPORTER has relapsed, that high-toned sheet has to resort to the Waterville Telegraph for smartness. There would be little necessity for exchanging with both papers, were it not, to use the language of A. Lazearle, "necessary for all well-regulated families to have waste paper occasionally."

SHERIFF BOND, of Leavenworth, publishes a card in the Commercial, in which he positively denies that he ever drank to D.R. Anthony's death, in a saloon or anywhere else.

FROM THE MISSOURI REPUBLICAN (St. Louis).
REMARKABLE PROFESSIONAL SUCCESS.
Among the notable professional men of this country who have achieved extraordinary success is Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. The profession to which he has devoted his life has reached through strictly legitimate means, and so far, therefore, he deserves the enviable reputation which he enjoys. This large measure of success, in the trade of the profession, is due to his preparation for his calling, and extensive reading during a long and unusually large practice, which has enabled him to gain high commendation, even from his profane brethren. Devoting his attention to certain specialties of the science he has carefully investigated, he has been rewarded in a remarkable degree. In these specialties, he has become a recognized leader. Not a few of the remedies prescribed by him have, it is said, been adopted and prescribed by physicians in their private practice. His pamphlets and larger works have been received as useful contributions to medical knowledge. He has received added another, and perhaps more important, because of more general application, to the list of his published writings. This book, entitled "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," is designed to enter into general circulation. Dr. Pierce has received acknowledgments and honors from many sources, and especially distinguished degrees from two of the first medical institutions in the land.

THE TIMES sneers at Wendell Phillips because his following "Massachusetts" is not large. Thirty years ago, when Mr. Phillips was a child, his small party in Massachusetts. It used to be fashionable to mob him in Boston, or if he insists upon it, we'll let one as near like him as we can!

PHILLIPS lived to see a great many people in this country carry out his ideas. He now fights the cause of the oppressed—the institution which has persecuted and degraded the colored race, and the black slaves. Mr. Phillips seeks to free the white slaves of the land. The cause which he espouses will succeed, for it is the cause of humanity.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WE MIGHT AS WELL make up our minds right as last to have Grant on the counter for a new year. The old man means business, and the Reporter, three years ago, for a bag, but the purchase spoilt on his hands, and he had to close out the whole invoice as grist-lead.

CORRESPONDENCE.
HOME-MADE POETRY.
(For the Chief.)
The bottle well over, the smoke cleared away,
To use an expression, very dry day.
The next thing in order, let us see how we stand;
Or, in nautical phrase, where lies the land?
Who stands triumphant, how many are stranded?
The night too deep where the great lights will roll.
Let us coast along shore,
And not venture near.
Then Kansas, our own State to explore,
An old Latin motto I'll quote to please thee:
"Omnes ex uno ducuntur."
Which in English to turn,
Means, all from one you may learn.
Our Sheriff, Bill Bond, to speak first of home,
Fits come to the goal, all covered with foam.
But as fresh as a lark, and as blithe as a jay,
Leaving Leonard behind him, far away;
Repeating, "Good-bye, Dime, in dismay."
Our vision catches North, South, East and West,
Everywhere lies the same-defeated, distressed;
No gleams to hope, no hope for to-morrow,
The Liberalism modern is sadness and sorrow.
As before the people, the same old, old quirk,
In terrible fear of Grant and "third term,"
Let them rant and exclaim:
"What a terrible shame!"
Tradition against it, and Washington's name.
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Was against what he fell,
When, on the 4th of July,
Was first heard the cry,
That these States should be
Independent and free.
For Washington's name,
Let it rest without blame,
The noblest of men, the best,
Nor so slur it with shame,
Nor his spirit defame.
As he set to make a behest,
Perhaps they may say, too,
Still ready to follow,
And cry for infatuation,
To swell up the thought,
As the frog thought he must—
And be, old for the best.
Well, we've had a fair,
His pleasures to share,
For his fondness and racing—
Horsemen seem to care nothing for racing—
Boys riding, girls driving,
All eager and striving,
Some to gain one thing, some for another,
Up in a hoop, pell mell all together.
In the midst of it all,
A cry and a yell,
Enough to appal
Some of the great small,
To see a man fall
From the carriage he drove;
The body below, the wheels above,
And turning and twisting as they still strove,
By regular plan, and generally large,
To go on with the race,
But in vain, for the horses are gone,
And it is up, down, left alone,
The poor man alive, or still with the dead?
Of course not; 'twas a nigger; he fell on his head,
And like a Rocky Mountain goat,
Rebounding up, sent hat, coat, and
And on in swift process,
To catch once more his flying steeds,
The crowd, relieved of anxious pain,
To see the darkey up again,
If he could get the driver's seat, and be a good
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And like a Rocky Mountain goat,
Rebounding up, sent hat, coat, and
And on in swift process,
To catch once more his flying steeds,
The crowd, relieved of anxious pain,
To see the darkey up again,
If he could get the driver's seat, and be a good
To see a man fall
From the carriage he drove;
The body below, the wheels above,
And turning and twisting as they still strove,
By regular plan, and generally large,
To go on with the race,
But in vain, for the horses are gone,
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